The Chapeau-bas

1914

THE "CHAPEAU-BAS" 1914

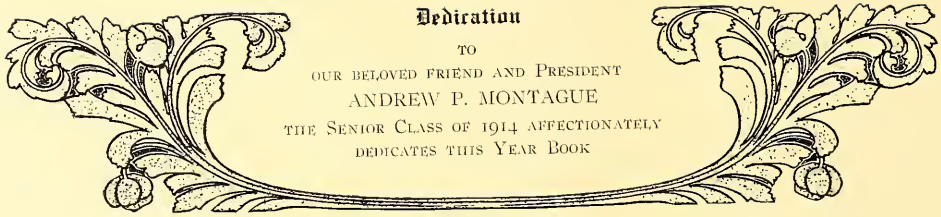
Compliments of
Senior Class—Columbia College
Lake City, Florida

Monfort&Co
CINCINNATI
TYPOGRAPHERS

FOREWORD

IT is our pleasure to present this volume to our friends, many of whom are not directly connected with the beloved institution from which we graduate. It is our desire to reproduce in the mind of the reader a true representation of college life. There are no scenes in the life of the student or in the memory of one who has gone out into the busy whirl of life which are received with as much pleasure as those which present a vision of the "Old College Days."

We give you this volume, which we have tried to make representative of the progress of Columbia College and the Class of 1914, and hope that when we have severed our connection with Columbia, this book will serve as a mutual tie binding us to those whom we leave behind.



Dedication

TO

OUR BELOVED FRIEND AND PRESIDENT

ANDREW P. MONTAGUE

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1914 AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATES THIS YEAR BOOK

Andrew P. Montague, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D.

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THE "CHAPEAU-BAS"

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.
1914.

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EDWARD M. HENDERSON, BEATRICE BRANCH,.....*Associate Editors*
HITER HOOVER.....*Business Manager*
BESSIE TRIBBLE.....*Assistant Business Manager*

EDITORIAL STAFF

SENIOR CLASS

Motto: "Est fidelitati tuta merces." *Flower:* White Carnation.

YELL.

Away with your Physics, Latin and Math.,
Your English, German, and all you hath;
We've swallowed 'em all, though dry as dust,
And boned through our 'xams with never a bust.

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BESSIE TRIBBLE.

CLASS POEM

DEAR Alma Mater, as we sit to-day
Upon the threshold of a life begun,
We would not ever be content to say,
With folded arms, at all, "The race is run."
The impulse of this moment gives us cheer
To climb the loftiest heights, where'er they be,
To live a life reflective of thy care,
And sing thy praise with all earth's minstrelsy.

'Tis now we pass from thy benignant care,
Like grateful sons in fond maturity
Go forth; we'll let our voice be heard each year,
And bless thy name through all futurity.
May Fortune prosper thee, and keep unharmed
From every threatening dart and evil snare
Thy own good name; may it by us be borne
Till we thy own eternal joy shall share.

We would not retrospect, but for to think
Of happy days we've gladly spent with thee;
As we thy strongest potions sought to drink,
Our lives were filled with glorious ecstasy.
We're not unmindful of the hardest tasks,
Though difficult, perhaps, they seemed to us.
'Tis good to know that now we go at last
Into a greater field of usefulness.

W. I. S.

EDWARD MARION HENDERSON.

LYNNE, FLORIDA.

"Born for good looks, but bad luck overtook him."

Entered Columbia College, 1911-'12. Member Erosophian Literary Society; Chaplain E. L. S., '11-'12; Critic E. L. S., '12-'13; Secretary Ministerial Band, '11-'12; President Y. M. C. A., '12-'13; President Ministerial Band, '13-'14; won Greek Medal, '12-'13; Associate Editor *Columbian*, '12-'13, '13-'14; President Senior Class, '13-'14.

Yes, "by Jinks," this is a true specimen of Marion County product! Here he is, ladies! Perfectly harmless! A preacher? Yes, called to preach! He may never set the world on fire, but there will be some "ethereal ardor" before the benediction.

BEATRICE LEOLA BRANCH.

WEBSTER, FLORIDA.

"By Jupiter, an angel! We'll turn her over to Cupid!"

Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '12-'13; Vice-President Junior Class, '12-'13; Reporter Alpha Omega, '12-'13; President Alpha Omega, '13-'14; Associate Editor *Chapeau-bas*, '14.

Talkative, meddlesome, and younger than she looks. "Beaty," for that's her name, is some student. She goes through a book like a caterpillar in a 'tator patch.

Picture her when thrice the cock foretells the approach of "Matin," pondering o'er some "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore."

WILLIAM IRA SANDERS.

LAKELAND, FLORIDA.

A "Sui generis."

Charter member Erosophian Literary Society, '07; President E. L. S., '07-'08, '13-'14; Inter-Society Debater, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief, *Columbian* staff, '12-'13, '13-'14; President C. P. Association, '13-'14; Editor-in-Chief, *Chapeau-bas* staff, '13-'14.

This is "Luke," not the apostle, but a distant relative. He is a veritable ladies' man, and, judging from his "wool," a modern Absalom.

If not disappointed, some day his name
Will hang high above the others in the palace of fame;
Then we poor unfortunates will come up and kneel
Before the sanctimonious bust of his ugly profile.
We'll then pass out and think what a pity
We all couldn't be so goatty and witty.

BESSIE CLAIRE TRIBBLE.

LAKE CITY, FLORIDA.

"She's the 'Bess' there is."

Member Alpha Omega; Curry Club, '13-'14; Secretary Senior Class, '13-'14; Assistant Business Manager *Chapcaubas*, '14.

A Tennesseean by birth, a Floridian by adoption. A lucky guy who gets her. "Bess," by "dub," has got a head of her own and she's going to use it. Her heart has gone into partnership with her brain, and the above said guy will have to be from "Missouri."

HITER HOOVER.

PLANT CITY, FLORIDA.

"The good Lord made him for a man, so we'll have to let him pass."

Manager Basketball Team, '12-'13; Track Medalist, '12-'13; Football sub., '13-'14; Captain Second Basketball Team, '13-'14; Sergeant-at-Arms Philologian Society, '13-'14; Bible Medalist, '12-'13.

Our "William and Mary" special.

This specimen of "Ole Virgin" is a preacher's boy, and, like some of 'em, he's a "cat." He's our class "Monopolist." "Hungry," for that's his pseudonym, is always chewin' the rag about what he's done, and will doubtless — well, it's hard to tell what he's going to do after he "bugs" the faculty of this institution out of his "dip."

His chief desire is to be a pedagogue. His greatest problem now is thinking how to keep from having to think.

LEONORA SERENA DENSLER.

NEWBERRY, FLORIDA.

"In noble eminence enthroned and sphered amidst the others."

Private Piano teacher, Newberry, Florida; Piano and Voice, Columbia College; Piano certificate, '13; Piano diploma, '14; Voice certificate, '14.

Piano Recital, April 3, 1914.

Voice Recital, May 15, 1914.

She doesn't show off much, but is as true as steel. Highly accomplished in her chosen profession, she is on the road to fame. Has long since learned to "shun the very appearance of evil" by turning the cold shoulder to Cupid.

ZITHA CLAIRNELLE KNIGHT.

High Springs, Florida.

"Love, constant love, hath been her constant guest."

Private Piano teacher, High Springs; Piano and Voice, Columbia College; Piano certificate, '13; Piano diploma, '14. Recital, May 8, 1914.

She discovered her vocal talent back in the "fifties," and according to the "signs" she is on the road to success.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Ladies and Gentlemen:

You have assembled this morning in the Auditorium of Columbia College that you may be present at the Class-day exercises of the Senior Class of the College of Liberal Arts. It is with pleasure more than words can express that I, as President of the Senior Class, on behalf of my classmates, welcome you to these exercises.

As I look into your faces, I behold faces familiar and faces unfamiliar. I am glad that I see both. Let me say to those of you who live in Lake City, we have learned to love you. Our association with you has been pleasant. Our fellowship one with the other has been all our hearts could wish for. You are welcome. To those of you whom we do not know personally we extend a hearty welcome. Your presence signifies that you are our friends.

While I speak these words of welcome a feeling of gentle pride creeps over me. And may I say that the same is true with my classmates, for our hearts beat in unison. We count it a joy above all joys to be members of this Senior Class, to graduate from the College of Liberal Arts. To-morrow we receive our diplomas. Another lap will then be completed in our race-course of life. We leave these walls overflowing with sacred memories to take our places with men and women who are making "footprints on the sands of time." Our aspirations are high; our ambitions are great; for our inner natures have been encouraged and inspired in a way that can be done only by a thorough college education.

But, friends, I do not believe that a man is educated when he merely has aspirations and ambitions. If these were all we could claim at the close of our college life, we would fall far short of full-educated men and women. He who walked the shores of Galilee once said: "And whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all." Yes, culture and service going side by side must be welded, must be moulded into one, before we have the highest product of education.

In the present age men often form the wrong conception of culture. The modern version renders it as

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS—Continued

something entirely aloof from the mass of humanity; as something that even despises the rude customs and manners of the uneducated. But culture in its highest, in its purest, in its noblest sense is free from prejudice, hatred, and strife. It is filled with sympathy, love, and acts of kindness. To my mind Matthew Arnold struck the keynote when he gave the world the idea that culture involves a deep desire for pure knowledge, a moral and a social passion for doing good, for relieving human misery, and the desire to make the will of God prevail. This kind of culture is service and the possesser of it has been educated.

We like to pride ourselves as living in the most wonderful age that has existed since chaos became cosmos. While this is true, we should realize that the need of the world for men was never greater and the opportunity was never larger than at the present time. Education has germinated and grown in the hearts of the American people as it has not done in the other nations. Yet we have made such marvelous developments in other phases of life that we can not supply our demand for *men* and *women*. Our Government is calling for them. Our schools are clamoring for more efficient teachers. Our churches are perishing for want of trained leaders. Even across the seas they stand and with longing hearts cry, "Send us men."

I believe that we have enough men and women equipped with book learning to supply the demand, but the calls are for those equipped both in culture and in service. During the coming twenty days thousands of America's sturdy sons and daughters will sit in the same capacity as we sit to-day. If I had the power I would this morning take up the bugle. I would sound the blast that would be heard to America's remotest bounds. As America's youth would stand still and listen I would say: "Young people, lay aside your caps and gowns. Step forth as soldiers equipped for life's warfare. In the name of God and for the sake of humanity do your best. You will fight no uncertain battle, but with the banner of culture for service flying over your heads victory, yea, victory will be yours."

E. M. H.

HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

THE evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones." In this humor is history written, which, after all, is nothing but the accepted gossip of mankind. It deals, like all gossips, mostly in misdeeds. Napoleon defined history as a *lie* agreed upon; as a malicious idle tale, in which motives are freely imputed, and men and women are glorified or slandered according to the whim of this same old, careless talemonger, known among men as history. From the beginning it has been woe to the conquered. To be tolerated, a thing must be a success; defeat has ever involved disgrace. But, as historian of our class, it is my privilege and wish to magnify our struggles and to set down naught in malice.

We have had a hard time, a busy time, from start to finish, since that good day in the fall of 1913, when from the goodly number of boys and girls attending Columbia College, five were selected for the honors and tribulations of graduation, provided we could run, without wabbling too much, the race set before us. So far, I am happy to say, we are still in the road and leaving more or less dust behind us. We have left a few things behind us, while bringing all we could with us. We hardly see how those who are to come after us are to get along. We are inclined to think mental pabulum will be scarce in our wake. It may have been a shameful thing to do, but we could not well help it; we were so ravenous. However, if we happened to overlook *anything,* those who come after us will confer a favor by letting us know it, in order that we may be more careful another time.

After the wise custom of college classes, we effected an early organization. At the head of our imposing class of five marches and commands the gallant and dignified Mr. E. M. Henderson. He is a fine student, who was formerly pointed out as one who defied the charms of all girls, but, after all, it seems it will be the same old story. He has shown of late a disposition to look upon himself often in his glass and to spend much valuable time with his hair brush; on account of which ominous symptoms your historian is mightily tempted to turn prophetess and fall a-romancing, but it must not be. Mr. Henderson, in that matter may your luck be equal to your hopes.

HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS—Continued

As poet of our class, Mr. Sanders is our official rhymemaker, though at present his poetical temperament is chiefly indicated by his love of the soft moonlight and by otherwise following the wise example of Mr. Henderson. "Luke" is a good fellow and one of the veterans of Columbia College. Like Jacob of old, he has waited long; his diploma ought to be written in gold; for "Luke" was here when Columbia first opened her doors, and during all these years he has waited and hoped, hoped and waited. Here is hoping, "Luke," that in the years to come a success may be yours equal to your loyalty to your College.

Another distinguished member of our class is Mr. Hoover, better known as *"Hungry."* His suggestive name fails to convey full particulars, though right enough as far as it goes. Besides being a stanch trencher-man, "Hungry" is a noted athlete. As a high-jumper he has few equals. He walks on his hands; hands or feet, it is all the same with "Hungry." We expect him to take eventually to tight-rope walking or high-diving, though he intends to become a sawbones and licensed killer as a doctor. Up to date he has shown no weakness for his hair brush and looking-glass in any marked way, though you can never tell. These troubles are likely to come on at any time. When they do, "Hungry," our best wishes are with you.

Miss Beatrice Branch, also one of the important five, or "B," as she is called, is known for her devotion to her society. She may want her rights, but hardly to vote. Beatrice realizes that it is better to control a voter than a vote. Yet, Beatrice, if you ever want both, I trust fate will let you have your way.

With your historian, as fifth member of the Class of 1914, you have our roll complete. In our struggles we have found the way often dark and sometimes rough, but friendly hands have been held out to us when we have needed help, and kind hearts have cheered us on. Soon the world will be all before us, and the call is to us to make ready with manhood and womanhood for what awaits us in the years to come. When the hour of test and trial comes, as come it will to us all, may we find strength and courage for victory, or, missing that, the fortitude which protects when tide of battle is against us.

B. T.

CLASS PROPHECY

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.

NOW this saintly visitor aroused a great curiosity within me to know something of its existence. For a moment I stood motionless. When my astonishment permitted utterance, I calmly inquired the reason of my visitor's presence.

Here my premonitory thoughts came back to me, and I knew without an answer what had placed me in this position. I had been pondering over the past, and the one thought that was always uppermost in my mind at such a time was my dearly beloved Class of 1914. For many long months had we been separated, and although I had often thought of them, never had a desire come to me so forcibly to know any of their future destinies until this strange and inappropriate time.

The answer received to my question was not then satisfactory. When the Raven said, "Follow me," I knew it would be impossible. But all at once things in common changed around me, changed to things more mysterious than could ever have been dreamed or imagined. But I must not take time for description just here or I shall never get into my story.

CLASS PROPHECY—Continued

The Raven was even transformed, and as I gazed about me I suddenly felt myself wafted through the air as upon some fairy's wings. On and on we traveled until we reached a strange and new country. This was a new but desirable experience for me. At first I was frightened and a horrible feeling of loneliness came over me, despite the beauty and grandeur of my surroundings, for I was in a large and beautiful city.

I turned to my guide for an explanation, and he told me, to my amazement, that I was no longer an inhabitant of the earth, but had been transported to the mysterious planet of Mars, and was now to visit places and behold sights of which I had never dreamed before.

What a beautiful place this was! It truly must have been Fairyland, for it looked so much like the cities I had pictured after reading fairy tales. The buildings were so beautiful and had such a mystical air about them that I was afraid to enter any of them until my guide pointed out to me a building noted for being the plainest and most severe-looking one on the planet. After much deliberation I entered, and whom should I meet face to face but Hiter Hoover, my old classmate. How glad I was to see him, and how we plied each other with questions, both of us talking at the same time. My first questions were, of course, in regard to his position, how he happened to be there, and a thousand other things equally as important. He said that it was not for him to explain, but in some way he had attained to the high position of chief operator in a hospital of over a thousand inmates. He said he could only think of one thing that might have given him the impetus to such an attainment, and that was the extremely hard studying which he did at Columbia without any books.

He was trying to tell me something about the other members of our class when my guide beckoned to me to go, and although I was very anxious to know where it would be possible to find them, I could stay no longer. I was immediately enveloped by a cloud of smoke and was soon whirling around and around, speeding away, I did not know where.

CLASS PROPHECY—Continued

When the cloud cleared away I felt myself being precipitated to the ground. I was then directed to a large auditorium, brilliantly lighted, and holding, it seemed to me, thousands of people. Of course I expected to see something wonderful, but reached there just in time to see the prima donna carried off the stage in a dead faint. I afterward learned it was Bess Tribble, who had prepared herself to be a grand opera singer, and this was her first appearance.

From here I was wafted as if by a sudden gush of wind into another part of the city, and before I had time to speak to my guide I was ushered into a magnificent church, where the large congregation seemed intent on catching every word which fell from the mouth of the speaker. I stood up to catch a glimpse of this wonderful person, and there in the pulpit before me stood E. M. Henderson, D.D. This was no surprise to me, for I remembered how, when in old Columbia, he had reserved the valuable social hour evenings for the sole purpose of getting up a sermon.

While I was waiting for the large concourse of people to pass out so that I might get a chance to greet the speaker, and possibly have a long talk with him, I was suddenly snatched from this presence and was again wafted in the air.

Presently my guide said: "We are approaching the capital city of Mars and soon you will be in the presence of the grand Sultan of Mars. I began to wonder if the remaining member of our class had attained to the high position as ruler of this planet or had become an attendant of the Sultan in this strange court. While I was thus meditating I felt myself wafted into a most beautiful palace. Of all lovely things I had seen while on Mars, nothing could compare with this. Many times had I pictured in my imagination the wonderful grandeur of the palaces of kings and queens, but little had I ever dreamed of really seeing one with my own eyes. While I was gazing around me, my senses completely lost in wonderment, my guide touched me and said: "You are before the ruler of Mars. Make obeisance to the grand Sultan." I immediately bowed low before the monarch, who was seated on a magnifi-

CLASS PROPHECY—Continued

cent throne at one end of the long hall. He put out his scepter to me and commanded me to rise, spoke a few words of welcome, and, turning to the court ladies and gentlemen, said: "Do honor to the visitor from the earth." They all made low, reverential bows. Then the Sultan gave me the seat of honor at his right hand and commanded that the court jester be brought in for my amusement. Presently a court fool, dressed in the usual style and acting in the usual way, came in. He danced a jig, cracked jokes and cut all kinds of capers. Different ones that were present called out their favorite pranks and the clown proceeded to do as directed. Presently some one called out, "Walk dignified," and the jester strutted around in a most dignified style. No sooner had he assumed this dignified character than I recognized, to my consternation, Luke Sanders. Yes, although we had high ambitions for Luke, no one dreamed that he would reach such a high position as court jester to the grand Sultan of Mars. I surprised all present by jumping down from my seat of honor, and calling the clown by name — he immediately recognized me, grabbed my hand and shook it with main strength.

Just at that moment I awoke; but you need not think this was a dream, for it actually happened. The remarkable capabilities of the Class of 1914 were so ideal they required their scenes to take place on Mars rather than on the earth. B. B.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND WILL

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a Senior Class to loosen the bonds of restraint and hard study, which deprive them of the freedom and powers granted by the laws of society, due regard for the feeling of the student body requires a statement of the causes leading to the Declaration of their Independence.

Therefore we hold these truths as self-evident: that all Seniors are human beings; that they have certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights they must have the privilege of choosing when and where they eat, how often they shall have "Social Hour," and when and with whom they shall take their daily walks; that whenever any form of government arises destructive to these ends, it is the duty and privilege of the Seniors to abolish it and to establish a new *régime,* with laws pertaining to the happiness and welfare of Seniors-to-come.

Our Class of 1914 is a very patient one. The history of the present rulers, the Faculty of Columbia College, has been one of repeated refusals and rebuffs:

They have refused to forbid the ringing of the six-o'clock bell, which disturbs the early morning nap.

They have refused to pass laws giving us optional attendance at chapel and classes.

They have forbidden us singing after 1 a. m.

They refused to pass laws for the accommodation of the Seniors to attend the "Bloomer Girls" baseball game in February and to accept all written invitations to Vanderbilt and Princeton.

They have combined with each other to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our desire and unacknowledged by our wills; giving their assent to all acts of pretended regulations, to-wit:

For imposing demerits upon us without our consent.

For suspending our privileges and declaring themselves invested with power to dictate for us in all cases whatsoever.

For causing us untold anxiety about our final exams.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND WILL—Continued

For inspecting our rooms, criticising our work, subduing our wills and destroying our frivolity.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms. Our repeated petitions have been answered by repeated refusals. Such tyranny we have endured for eight long months. We, therefore, the Seniors of Columbia College, do declare ourselves free and independent beings; and being such, we hereby make this our last will and testament this 26th day of May, 1914.

First — We appoint Dr. A. P. Montague, of Lake City, Columbia County, Florida, as executor of this will.

Second — We bequeath to Tallie Slone, of the Junior Class, a new looking-glass, that she may see herself as others see her.

Also I, Beatrice Branch, do hereby will and give my position as the best giggler in the Senior Class to Tallie Slone, provided she uses it to the best of her ability.

Third — We give to Ina Alderman, of said class, all our old Latin and German keys, with the following poem:

> You can lead a horse to water,
> But you can not make him drink;
> You can ride a German pony,
> But you can not make him think.

And I, Hiter Hoover, bequeath to her all my claims to "Lazarus," "The White Thor," and its rider.

Fourth — We give and devise to Inez Carson our old book on etiquette, so that she may learn not to interrupt when her elders are speaking in class.

Furthermore I, Edward Henderson, do will Inez Alston Carson my best pair of curling irons, with directions for use attached.

Fifth — We bequeath to Rosa Lee Swindell the right to remain unmarried and to belong always to the Alpha Omega Society.

I, Luke Saunders, do give to Rosa Lee Swindell

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND WILL—Continued

my jar of Pompeian Cream, hair dye and one box of shoe polish, to be used to the best purpose.

Sixth—We do hereby devise and bestow on A. Scott Patterson, the departed Junior, one bottle of "Herpicide Hair Tonic," in case his wife should begin "drawn work."

Also I, Bessie Tribble, give and bequeath to him all my Senior dignity; also, if his character and wife permit, one of my few curls.

We do bequeath to said Junior Class as a body our old Logic and Philosophy books, with the hope that they may learn more from them than we did.

We do devise and bequeath to the Sophomore Class of Columbia College all our old books, pencils, pads, penpoints, ink, blotters, rulers and strings for geometrical purposes, together with a perspective of Professor Eckles' "Moods and Actions."

We do give and bestow on the Freshman Class all our old examination questions and flunks, our hazings, demerits and Faculty summonses (?) we have received for the past four years; also all our old cooking utensils, cook-book recipes, and a perfect knowledge of the whereabouts of certain chickens residing in and about Lake City, that they may continue the festivities known as "chicken pillaus."

To the Faculty of Columbia College we do bequeath and give the power to domineer over the coming Seniors, our successors, in so much as said Seniors will allow.

In testimony whereof we do hereunto set our hands this 26th day of May, 1914.

Testators { E. M. Henderson. H. Hoover. B. Tribble. B. L. Branch. W. I. Sanders.

Witnesses: "Ty" Cobb, "De Lady" Buck, "Starvation" Edwards. H. H.

SPADE ORATION

OLD SPADE, thou who art the handiwork of some artisan, we come to-day to offer tribute to thy memory. Though hid away for the past twelve months in the tranquillity of some unmolested nook, you again make your appearance on this auspicious occasion, emblematic of the conflicts through which the Class of 1914 has had to pass. Tell to this audience to-day why thou hast imposed thyself upon us, else thou shalt dig thy own grave and be buried beneath the sod of oblivion.

Voiceless, yet it speaketh.

The noblest deeds of the world's greatest heroes have been engraved on tablets of bronze and marble. Monuments have been erected to the memory of martyrs whose blood has paid the price of civilization. Every victory must be bought. This is the invariable rule in the market place of the world's affairs. Every achievement of the past has been purchased with its price. None of the great movements that have swept the world have succeeded until their advocates paid the price of victory. God has put a high premium upon things of great worth, and he knows no discounts, he holds no bargain sales. Every age has paid in full for its progress, because great principles have become living fire in the hearts of their advocates. "Truth is truest when burning."

For four centuries no Spartan ever left a battlefield unless he carried home his shield victorious, or was carried away dead upon it. He paid the price of military glory, and got it. Switzerland is free, but the story of her struggles is only the old story of liberty bought with a price. From the mythical days of William Tell until the immortal victories of Margarten Pass and Sempach, the Swiss laid themselves upon the altar of their country's liberty.

Science is now free to express her thought because her advocates in the past sat in stocks and lay in prisons. Socrates taught his last lesson behind prison bars and drank the fatal poison. Locke wrote his immortal teachings as an exile in a Dutch garret. Roger

SPADE ORATION—Continued

Bacon was compelled to hide away in manuscripts his more advanced ideas, and spent fourteen years in confinement because he was too great for the light of his day. Thomas More died for the sake of his convictions, that coming generations might live in his land of Utopia, where opinion is free. While in our own country the student of affairs watches the principles of freedom now winning the last foothold over its enemy, and he is not forgetful that the present broad daylight of free conscience was preceded by a long night of religious conformity, lighted only by fagot fires. We follow the lead of our consciences to-day without pay and penalty because the men of other days followed theirs at the price of their own lives.

Decisive moments have molded the world's destiny. This is the verdict of all historians Every movement for the uplift of humanity has met both victory and defeat without affecting the final result. Periods of seeming inactivity have followed, yet mighty forces were gathering, crystallizing into definite form for the oncoming struggle. The cherished hopes of yesterday are but the idle dreams of to-day, and silently, like the dawning of the morning, the sunlight of God's truth rises over the mountains of opposition and shines forth into a full reformation, and the decision of a single issue shapes the progress of future civilization.

Union and freedom are the highways of American progress. But mark the decisive events that swing the nation upon these highways Down the years in ever-changing cadence ring the eloquence of Wendell Phillips, the burning words of Garrison, Clay and Webster. But in these men we only recognize the pioneers of great movements, rough lines and confused strokes that blend into harmony and grow purposeful in the masterpiece of human destiny. When the nation was ready the hour came, and the election of Abraham Lincoln insured the touch of a master hand and heralded the course of empire.

The age of reformation has not passed. The prin-

SPADE ORATION—Continued

ciples of Truth and Freedom are just as dear to the hearts of people to-day as they ever were to those eminent heroes of the past, whose lives paid the price of their convictions. The issues before our people are just as potent as those which ever confronted any nation. Our country is now in the midst of a great industrial and political upheaval, and the struggle for righteousness is none the less binding upon the Church. We need men, in the truest sense of the word, who possess the same motive power as characterized those of the past, who did master sway and held the eminence of men's affections.

The student who passes from the doors of our colleges should feel, above every other impulse, a deep responsibility, and as he hears ringing in his own conscience the cry, "To arms!" he should not be reluctant in joining the ranks of those who are treading the onward march of progress.

To-day marks the beginning of a new epoch in the life of each of us. As we enter upon the inevitable and uncertain responsibilities of a more active career, we turn again to his "Spadonic majesty," and call upon him to be more lenient with those who have to tread the uneven journey over which we have passed. As we commit this specimen of materiality to the care of the Junior Class, we call upon our Muse to witness this solemn transaction, and pledge ourselves to break away from all petty conventionalities, and never again be subjects of superstition.

We give this spade to the Junior Class,
Whose heads are now so big;
They think next year they all will pass,
And where we are they'll come *en masse*,
If so, they'll have to dig.

W. I. S.

GIRLS' PARLOR

JUNIOR CLASS

INA ALDERMAN,

Lake Butler, Fla.

Post-graduate Lake Butler High School, '13.
Montaguian Literary Society.

"All wise are not necessarily aged."

INEZ ALSTON CARSON,

Kissimmee, Fla.

Osceola High School, '12.
Alpha Omega Literary Society.
Junior Piano as well as Junior A.B.

Quite the infant of the class.

TALLIE SLONE,

Plant City, Fla.

President Montaguian Literary Society. Piano a side issue.

Even Horace is by no means a bore to her, but intensely interesting.

She is bordering on sedate.

ROSA LEE SWINDELL,

Lakeland, Fla.

Lakeland High School, '12.
President Alpha Omega Literary Society.

To amuse her is perilous in the extreme.
Also sedate — at times.

ALONZO SCOTT PATTERSON,

Monticello, Fla.

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, '10.
Missionary to West Africa three years. Uncertain as to age.

"It is not meet that man should live alone," therefore a recent bridegroom.

JUNIOR CLASS

SKETCH OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

FEELING that it is a matter of great concern that the world should know something about the Sophomore Class, we humbly make our bow, and wish to present our compliments to the public through the medium of the Senior Year Book.

The class is happy to have as its presiding officer Mr. Roy M. Lewis. Mr. Lewis has that dignity and reserve the lack of which so often is characteristic of our class proceedings. He hails from North Carolina, and so far has remained loyal to his native State. Although many and sundry maidens have striven to please him, he refuses to yield his heart to any of these fair ones of his adopted State.

Miss Aleve Haddock, of Live Oak, Fla., lends grace and charm to the vice-presidential chair. She takes the class motto very seriously, and so far hasn't succeeded in growing any higher than four feet seven.

Our record and financial resources are kept by Miss Mary Pimm, of Tampa, Fla. She is a most happy combination of industry and good nature, and is so studious that she both awes and stimulates the class.

Our class Historian is Mr. Homer Howard, of Sarasota, Fla. He seems very earnest in the discharge of his duties, in spite of his vocal tendencies while the class is in session.

Under the leadership of its four officers, the class takes daily delight in pressing ever onward to greater and greater achievements in the battlefield of school life. We look forward to that great climax of college life, "Graduation Day," and with one accord we pour out a great libation to the gods that they may be so propitious as to grant us a survival of examinations, so that our progress may be, verily, the sentiment of our motto.

H. P. H.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Motto: "Altius et Altius." *Colors:* Orange and Black.

OFFICERS.

ROY M. LEWIS.....*President*
ALEVE HADDOCK.....*Vice-President*
MARY PIMM.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
HOMER P. HOWARD.....*Historian*

FRESHMAN CLASS

Motto: "Itur ad nos." *Colors:* Royal Purple and Old Gold. *Flower:* Pansy.

Yell: Razzle, dazzle! Razzle, dazzle!
Sis, boom, bah!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS.

HARRY BENNETT.....*President*
LOONIS BLITCH.....*Vice-President*
MYRTLE EDWARDS.....*Secretary*

MEMBERS.

A. B. Folks.
Ada B. Willis.
W. S. Johnstone.
Dewey Sample.
Ferol Delameter.
G. H. Newton.
Lois Dixon.
Henry Tribble.
Loonis Blitch.
Mary Belle Tribble.
P. T. Hyer.
H. C. Bennett.
Myrtle Edwards.

Freshmen are we,
Yet, ere long you will see
What dignified Seniors
We thirteen will be.

FRESHMAN CLASS

INSTRUMENTAL DEPARTMENT

Instructors: Edith Davis Potter, Mary Wheeler.

SENIORS.

Leonora Densler, Zitha Knight.

JUNIORS.

Inez Alston Carson, Irene Smithson.

MEMBERS OF DEPARTMENT.

Edna Albritton.
Jean Arneson.
Oral Arneson.
Lillian Maude Buck.
Inez Alston Carson.
Fay May Cason.
Margaret Cobb.
Lillie May Cummings.
Leonora Densler.
Lois Dixon.
Irma Dillaberry.
Bertie Dowling.
Pearl Dowling.
Myrtle Edwards.
Vivian Futch.
Wyche Getzen.
Myrtle Grainger.
Bessie Guy.
Aleve Haddock.
Homer Howard.
Zitha Knight.
Edna Mathers.
Annie Niemeyer.
Eunice Nixon.
Valentine Paul.
Carlton Palmore.
Mary Pimm.
Edna Powell.
Miss Riser.
Homer Rainey.
Tallie Slone.
Pauline Simmons.
Lorena Smith.
Irene Smithson.
Nellie May Syker.
Mattie Lou Taylor.
Winnie Thomas.
Mary Belle Tribble.
Vera Wilson.
Lucile Wilson.
Miss Wiggins.
Margaret Wray.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Music is the most widely-studied and used of all the arts. Its disciples are found studying in all parts of the earth. Our College offers a thorough course in all departments of music.

VOICE DEPARTMENT

Instructor: Miss Kate Townsend.

STUDENTS.

Lucile Atkisson.
Lillian Maude Buck.
Margaret Cobb.
Mrs. Cason.
Leonora Densler.
Birdie Dowling.
Pearl Dowling.
Myrtle Edwards.
Bessie Guy.
Homer Howard.
Malcolm Hagood.
Aileen Johnson.
Hilton Johnson.
Joe Johnson.
Inez Jones.
John Lopez.
Eunice Nixon.
Bessie McKissick.
Carlton Palmore.
Edna Powell.
Iva Powell.
Homer Rainey.
G. M. Rodwell.
Mattie Lou Taylor.
Sue Simpson.
Ada B. Willis.
Lucile Wilson.
Margaret Wray.
Zitha Knight.
Cleo Latimer.

CERTIFICATE STUDENTS.

Ada B. Willis, *Contralto.*
Leonora Densler, *Mezzo-Soprano.*

The human voice is the most complete and the best of instruments. It is the only instrument which is an attachment to the soul. The Creator has endowed every being with a means of expression, suitable to the feeling and to his power of perception.

We must remember, however, that all expression is not through art alone. We were not only intended to sing the truth, but also to live the truth, that we might be a blessing to our kind, and interpreter to them of God's love.

ALPHA OMEGA LITERARY SOCIETY

Organized October, 1912.

OFFICERS.

First Semester.		*Second Semester.*
Beatrice Branch	*President*	Rosa Lee Swindell
Rosa Lee Swindell	*Vice-President*	Lois Dickson
Sue Simpson	*Secretary*	Sue Simpson
Eunice Nixon	*Treasurer*	Mattie Lou Taylor
Inez Alston Carson	*Reporter*	Inez Alston Carson
Ella Harris	*Critic*	Bessie Tribble
Bessie Tribble	*Censor*	Lorena Smith

MEMBERS.

Lucile Atkisson.
Beatrice Branch.
Lillian Maude Buck.
Inez Alston Carson.
Lois Dickson.
Myrtle Grainger.
Laura Getzen.
Aleve Haddock.
Ella Harris.
Cleo Latimer.
Clarabelle Latimer.
Sue Matlock.
Eunice Nixon.
Annie Niemeyer.
Edna Powell.
Mattie Powell.
Iva Powell.
Rosa Lee Swindell.
Lorena Smith.
Sue Simpson.
Lola Stewart.
Mattie Lou Taylor.
Gladys Thomas.
Winnie Thomas.
Lucile Wilson.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Miss Aultman. Mrs. Hyer. Miss Montague. Miss Moseley.
Miss Nunnally. Miss Wheeler. Miss Riser.

ALPHA OMEGA LITERARY SOCIETY

EROSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto. "Aut Vincere aut mori." *Colors:* Old Gold and Purple.

OFFICERS.

W. I. SANDERS ..... *President*
HENRY TRIBBLE ..... *Vice-President*
M. M. HAGOOD ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
ROBERT B. DAVIS ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*
C. M. BRITTAIN ..... *Critic*
H. P. HOWARD ..... *Executive Committeeman*

SPEAKERS IN INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE, 1914.

Roy M. Lewis. Banner S. Guy.

THE Erosophian Literary Society was organized in 1907, the first year of our school. It is the oldest society in school. During the seven years of its life it has enjoyed success and prosperity, and it continues to-day to be one of the active educative features of our school. From this society have gone forth men who are making reputations as ministers, teachers and business men.

Our purpose is to facilitate our efforts to acquire knowledge, to stimulate and encourage an honorable emulation in the discharge of our college duties, to promote depth and correctness of thought, to develop the understanding, to cultivate the reasoning faculties and to bring into exercise the higher and better powers of the mind.

PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto: "Esse quam videri." *Colors:* Light Blue and White.

OFFICERS.

H. C. BENNETT.....*President*
A. B. FOLKS.....*Vice-President*
A. C. WRIGHT.....*Secretary*
LOONIS BLITCH.....*Treasurer*
G. M. RODWELL.....*Critic*

SPEAKERS IN INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE, 1914.

H. C. Bennett. Carey Keating.

MEMBERS.

H. B. Anderson.
H. C. Bennett.
C. W. Branch.
Loonis Blitch.
L. M. Gunn.
W. P. Henry.
L. H. Hoover.
Claude Hart.
Otto Holmer.
P. F. Hyer.
Ray Hyer.
A. H. Higginbotham.
W. S. Johnstone.
T. C. Keating.
G. H. Newton.
C. W. Palmore.
Dewey Sample.
C. B. Williams.
A. C. Wright.

MONTAGUIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto: "Immer voran."

Colors: Yellow and White. *Flower:* Yellow Chrysanthemum.

OFFICERS.

TALLIE SLONE.....*President*
MARGARET WRAY.....*Vice-President*
INA ALDERMAN.....*Secretary*
ADA B. WILLIS.....*Treasurer*

THE Montagnian Literary Society was organized in 1912. Since its organization the chief object of the society has been to induce the girls to cultivate a greater literary interest. There is much interest taken in rendering the programs.

Aside from the literary work, we have been doing much for the College. The Montaguians are always ready and willing to do their part in any work concerning the College.

We feel that we owe much to Dr. Montague, our beloved President, in honor of whom we named our society. With the name "Montaguian" we feel that much is expected of us.

Our motto, "Immer voran," is also the motto of our every-day life.

In work or play, we don't care,
The Montaguians are always there.

MONTAGUIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

CURRY CLUB

Motto: "Others have, so can we." *Flower:* White Carnation.
Colors: Purple and White.

OFFICERS.

BESSIE TRIBBLE.....*President*
CHESTER BRANCH.....*Vice-President*
LILLIAN MAUDE BUCK.....*Secretary*

COLUMBIA is indeed fortunate in having Miss Nunnally as Director of the Expression Department. She is a teacher of rare skill and ability. By her untiring efforts the work has taken its proper place, and through her training honors have been won in State Oratorical Contests.

The Curry Club meets twice a month. Interesting programs are given at each meeting, every member taking part. Ease is thus gained upon the platform.

When first I stepped upon the stage,
My heart went "pit-a-pat";
But since I've joined the Curry Club
I've passed from all of that.

ART DEPARTMENT

LE MILLET CERCLE

Chief Adviser.....Miss Riser.

Flower: The Violet.
Motto: "We adorn all we touch."
Colors: Violet and Green.
Prohibition: Talking.
Consolation: "That's not so bad."
Yell: Miss Riser, oh, Miss Riser, can't you come here?

OFFICERS.

First Term.		*Second Term.*
Edna Powell	*President*	Lillian Buck
Ursula Greene	*Vice-President*	Edna Powell
Rosa Lee Swindell	*Secretary*	Erma Dillaberry
Lily May Cummings	*Treasurer*	Lucile Wilson

MEMBERS.

Keith Black.	Mrs. Carter.	Erma Dillaberry.	Ray Hyer.	Edna Powell.
V. R. Boozer.	Beulah Cone.	Birdie Dowling.	Zitha Knight.	Rosa Lee Swindell.
Kim Brittain.	Mattie Cone.	Helen Dunbar.	Mrs. McKhann.	B. F. Walker.
Clyde Brown.	Lee Ora Cone.	Jennie Futch.	Miss Montague.	Lucile Wilson.
Lillian Maude Buck.	Mrs. Colburn.	Laura Getzen.	Lenvil Owens.	Mrs. Ray Young.
	Lily May Cummings.	Ursula Greene.	Valentine Paul.	

DAILY HAPPENINGS IN THE STUDIO.

Lillian (late): "I just couldn't help it, Miss Riser." Laura comes in between every period. Rosalie gets N. to help her. Edna fails to get "inspired." Ray asks if the bell has rung. Lily May gets paint on her dress. Lucile asks if she may go to the dormitory. Ursula "encourages" Lily May. Laura borrows (?) rags. Miss Riser appears before the easel just as Erma sees what she might have done. Somebody's paint suddenly "evaporates." Zitha sighs and hopes again. Cone sisters absent. Laura asks, "Who is doing that picture?" Rosalie asks who has bothered her paint and brushes.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Motto: High — *Higher* — Highest. *Class Colors:* Old Gold and Purple.

THE Commercial Club of Columbia College is made up of strictly business students — those who are preparing to work, not loaf.

The club was organized in 1913 and is now a permanent feature of our college life. Meetings are held bi-monthly, which are always interesting and profitable. Usually these meetings are in the form of a picnic. From the great interest shown by all members, it is reasonable to predict that the Columbia Commercial Club will gain in strength from year to year.

The purpose of the club is to promote interest in the business world among our members. We attribute much of our success as a club to the untiring interest shown in our work and the constant aid given us by the Dean of our department, Professor Haddock.

FOOLISHNESS.

In our class there is a Dear old Gunn, but now and then it will go off down the Holloway at our little Yankee Mark, but always misses our Hart.

While we were walking along the River-s bank we were entangled in a Cobb—Webb, but went on fishing for Haddocks.

We have two very mysterious Wrays in our class.

Professor Haddock seems to have made a hit with one of the ladies of the Faculty; the next time we saw him his goatee had mysteriously disappeared. Why should we worry? Ish ka bibble!

What's the use of chocolate candy when Miss Stephens is around?

We feel sure that Miss Simpson will make a fine helpmeet, but not for any Simp.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS.

A. L. Chalker.....*President*
A. B. Folks.....*Vice-President*
Inez Alston Carson.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

TEAM MANAGERS.

A. L. Chalker.....*Football Manager*
W. S. Johnstone.....*Boys' Basketball Manager*
Inez Alston Carson.....*Girls' Basketball Manager*
P. F. Hyer.....*Baseball Manager*
H. R. Tribble.....*Cheer Leader*

FACULTY ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

W. B. Jones. G. M. Rodwell. H. R. Eckles.

At Columbia participation in all the principal college sports, baseball, football, basketball, tennis and track athletics, is strongly encouraged from as many students as possible. It is the policy of the Trustees, however, to subordinate competitive athletics to a study of right living and all-round development.

The success of the various teams during 1913-14 can not be judged by the number of victories. When we take into consideration the material which the coaches had on hand to begin with, we must consider the season a success.

Columbia would welcome the formation of a State Intercollegiate League, which is being agitated among some of the colleges of the State. This would tend to increase the interest in the games among the colleges of the State and would bring them all together, so that the State championship could be definitely determined.

ETA PHI MU

1. Epaminandos White.
2. Willie Lee Getzen.
3. Arnold F. Higginbotham.
4. Lex L. Warren.
5. Homer Howard.
6. Loonis Blitch.
7. Walter H. Haddock.
8. Clyde W. Brown.
9. Harry C. Bennett.
   Henry R. Tribble (absent).

PHI DELTA NU

(Local Founded 1911.)

Colors: Old Gold and Black. *Flower:* Black-eyed Susan.

FOUNDERS.

Paul F. Hyer. Alonzo C. Wright. Alonzo B. Folks.
Dewey Samplé. Earl R. Thompson. Winters S. Johnstone.
Albert L. Chalker.

Frater in Facultate: G. M. Rodwell.

FRATER IN COLLEGIO.

Albert L. Chalker.....Cocoa, Florida
Dewey Samplé.....Woodbine, Iowa
Alonzo C. Wright.....Lakeland, Florida
Paul F. Hyer.....Atlanta, Georgia
Earl R. Thompson.....St. Andrews, Florida
Alonzo B. Folks.....Dunnellon, Florida
Winters S. Johnstone.....Dundee, New York
Charles Williams.....Lakeland, Florida
Hubert Powell.....Lake City, Florida

PHI DELTA NU

Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS.

A. C. WRIGHT.....*President*
ROBERT B. DAVIS.....*Vice-President*
HOMER P. HOWARD.....*Secretary*
B. A. GUY.....*Treasurer*

COMMITTEES.

Membership.....T. C. KEATING
Devotional.....G. H. NEWTON
Missionary.....A. SCOTT PATTERSON
Bible Study.....H. C. BENNETT
Finance.....B. A. GUY

THERE is no organization in the school that plays so vital a part in binding the men together. The spirit of brotherhood is developed in this organization, reaching out after higher ideals and deeper spiritual experiences. The Y. M. C. A. does not interfere with the work of the churches, but is the means of developing and furnishing some of their best workers.

The object of the association is to promote Christian growth; to help suppress error and overthrow vice; to bring the lost to Christ and engage all in service for Him. This aim is accomplished through training in personal work, systematic Bible and mission study, and the heart messages brought to us by earnest speakers. Each year delegates are sent to the Southern Students' Conference. These men come back with better plans and greater enthusiasm to make the work go.

The regular weekly meeting is held on Thursday evening in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and the best speakers available address the band.

A Twilight Service ends each day's work and strengthens the general moral tone of the student body. These services add much to the spiritual life.

MINISTERIAL BAND

OFFICERS.

E. M. HENDERSON ..... *President*
H. C. BENNETT ..... *Vice-President*
R. B. DAVIS ..... *Secretary*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

G. H. Newton. B. A. Guy.
E. M. Henderson.

MEMBERS.

S. L. Albrittain. R. B. Davis. R. M. Lewis. W. I. Sanders.
H. C. Bennett. B. A. Guy. Isbon Murphy. R. Strickland.
Chester Branch. E. M. Henderson. G. H. Newton. C. L. Wells.
A. C. Wright.

YOUNG WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

OFFICERS.

MARY PIMM.....*President*
SUE SIMPSON.....*Vice-President*
MARGARET WRAY.....*Secretary*
LOIS DIXON.....*Treasurer*
INA ALDERMAN.....*Reporter*

THE Young Woman's Auxiliary has had an important part in increasing the spiritual life of Columbia College. The weekly meetings, besides being instructive and helpful, are well attended, and the girls take an unusual amount of interest in the different departments of the work.

The Twilight Service is one of the most important parts of the work. Each evening, twenty minutes before supper, the girls gather in the parlor for songs, Scripture reading and prayer, using the W. M. U. Calendar for suggestions.

The services have afforded good training in Christian work, so that almost all of the girls can lead a meeting and pray in public without embarrassment.

Miss Riser, the chairman of the Study Course Committee, has been successful in organizing and conducting the study course, using for a text Miss Heck's "In Royal Service."

THE COLUMBIAN

Published Weekly by the Students of Columbia College.
Entered in the Postoffice at Lake City as second-class mail matter.

STAFF.

W. IRA SANDERS.....*Editor-in-Chief*
E. M. HENDERSON,
HOMER P. HOWARD,
ADA B. WILLIS,
IONE GEIGER,
ROSA LEE SWINDELL,.....*Associate Editors*
G. M. RODWELL.....*Faculty Editor*
MALCOLM HAGOOD.....*Business Manager*

Rate, $1.00 Per Year. Single Copy, Five Cents.

THE COLUMBIAN is the life of our College. Each week the students look forward to the time when they may get the news of the College and see who "pulled a bone."

Weekly contributions are made by the various organizations, and these represent *literary talent* as well as the actual work accomplished.

BRIEFS AND BONEHEADS

Question—"What is brevity?"

Answer—"When Eckols reads the Scripture, Luke leads the prayer, and Dean has no announcements to make."

Professor Rodwell (in Cicero)—"Miss Dixon, can you translate 'We kiss each other'?"

Miss Dixon (rather embarrassed)—"No, sir, but I can transplant it."

Murphy (in the library)—"Here's a book on my home town." He had his eye on Sydney's "Arcadia."

"I saw a sea lion once," remarked one at the table.

"I saw a whale when I was in Baltimore," added Miss Willis.

Mary Pinm, eager to display her knowledge, chimed in, "I've seen a whalebone."

"Where?" came the inquiry.

"In a store," was the prompt response.

Since Luke is a Senior he does as he pleases, but he finds the porch of Leitner Hall a delightful place to rest, and wait, and wait, and rest.

But all things come to him who waits.

Hey diddle, diddle, the cook plays the fiddle
The student must dance to the tune;
The meat is so tough, if you eat it enough,
It will put you in bed pretty soon.

For some reason Beatrice as "Kate," in "Cupid at Vassar," absolutely refused, in rehearsals, to carry out the exact instruction as given in the text.

Question—What is a circle?

Answer—One of Dean Jones' announcements.

Mr. Henderson, the manager of "Chapeaux-bas," featured in the Baby Show at "Fairyland."

How are the dignified reduced to the ridiculous!

BRIEFS AND BONEHEADS—Continued

Myrtle Edwards out on the campus dissecting a worm.

Hungry, seeing her, inquired: "Myrtle, what are you doing with that worm?"

Myrtle—"Studying Botany."

Bess Tribble (in the library)—"Have you finished 'Otho the Great'?"

The Librarian (buttin' in)—"No, but I'll bet that when you finish with Otto there'll be nothing left of him."

Lily Maude, after the Hallowe'en mask, was telling about an encounter with the "Alice Maude," masculine-looking girl. "And when he grabbed me," she said, "I knew by the sensation that a man had me."

AUCTION SALE NOTICE.

H. R. Eckols, "High Muck-a-muck" and referee in bankruptcy, will sell to the highest bidder, on day after Commencement, at high noon, the entire room appurtenances of Hungry Hoover, who has recently filed an involuntary petition for domestic bankruptcy in Charley Jenkins' Probate Court.

The following is a list of the principal articles to be disposed of, to-wit:

One bed, slept in eight months, but never made up.

One broom, never been used.

One lamp, filled last September and still containing same oil.

One cake tar soap, fat and fluffy, a little dusty and somewhat dirty, but good as new.

Terms cash, or monthly installments of Prince Albert tobacco.

DAFFODILS.

If Knight should overtake him, would Paul Camp?

If Earl went off, would Gladys get caught by Webb?

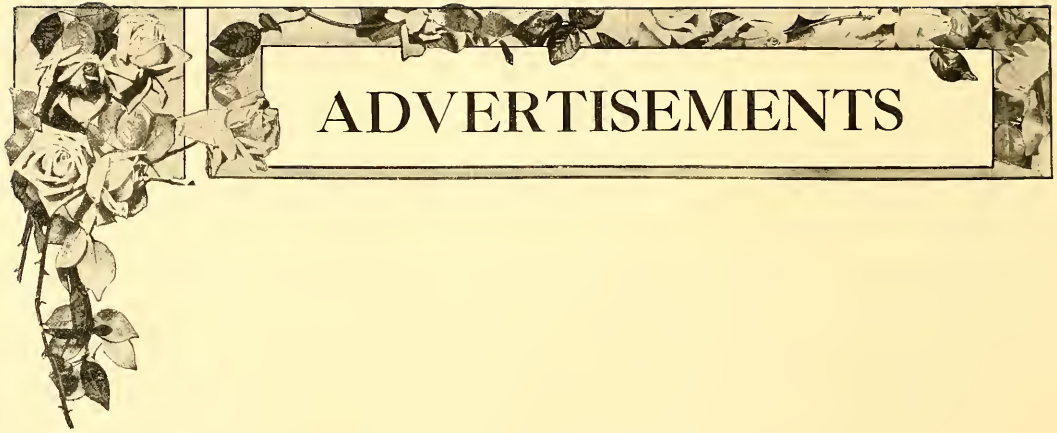
If Winnie wanted to housekeep, would Paul Hyer?

If Gunn went off, would it kill Buck?

If Blitch didn't care, would Vera get Looni(s)?

If a Hart was in the game, would Rose Swindell?

If a Freshman weeped a bushel of tears, would Alice Rivers?



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